

WHEN SPRING HITS BROOKLYN,

AND THE CRUEL CROQUET PLAYER CUTS HIMSELF LOOSE.

Prospect Park becomes, as in other years, the scene of mad, merciless sport. Well Worth Watching From a Position of Safety—Other Indications.

It is Saturday in Brooklyn. Spring, tearing apart with gentle hand the somewhat solid glaciers of the winter's accumulation, sends countless rills bubbling through the car tracks to the sea. There can be no mistaking the vernal genesis. Boys are at marbles on every patch of dry sidewalk and the admonitions in regard to launching rings about the fountain. Members of the Amalgamated Arson Association of the Park Slope who have foregone the pleasures of the torch during Lent, are almost too listless to throw bricks at old men and women. The Bedford Park suns itself. About City Hall Square the mainly husbands of boarding house mistresses, thumbs in armboloes, weigh carefully the fate of Pat McCarty and the length of time it will take to dig the tunnel. Even Mrs. Pepper enjoys the sunlight, though it does not nurture spoons.

Yes, it is spring in Brooklyn, but all the signs are trifles beside the one great indication of the passing of winter—the triumphant appearance of the croquet players of Prospect Park.

Let us see them up Ninth avenue to view them at close range. Here we come to the Third street entrance. Observe the beautiful iron arches that perch upon the columns, so well designed that they seem full of strength and cruelty. But when you cross you know you shall see something more deplorable of mercy and human feeling. Here is a spot which commands a view of the ground on which the wild sport is waged and where we will be safe from the blows and untold cruelties, but the moment is not opportune. The ladies are still there, and until they depart one cannot see the sport at its finest. The hour is late, however, and the fair ones are sure to go in a few minutes. While one waits he may study the male croquet fiend in his hour of comparative repose. He, for the most part, has his hands, but they are worn to deerskin. The beard conceals the demonic lines of the human face.

There the lady with the fur boa has knocked the ball through the last arch, winning the game. All the ladies will now go home to prepare for the evening. The men light up. They scent blood. That fat little man is the official ground keeper. He is about to measure of the standard distance with a leaden tape. A moment more and all will be ready.

There they go, scoring for first shot. White runs and the followers of the Red are warning up. Hear the cries of rage.

"Rotten a play."

"Worst I ever saw."

"Throw away your mallet, old man, and let the ball with you head."

"Wire that guilty ball."

"What are you trying to do with that innocent ball? But it is to be the track!"

"Why are you testing Higgabottom over the head with your mallet, Mr. Spink? Do you think you are in the bridge case?"

"There's that, and you're a croquet player, aren't you?"

"I only barked at him," says Mr. Snodgrass. "The rules don't provide against it."

"The enthusiasm increases."

"Stop barking that wicked, Mr. Goggin. If you don't stop you'll have a bad time."

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The managing clerk of a big downtown law firm tells this:

"I had to attend court over in Long Island City the coldest day we've had this winter. When I left the building I headed for the nearest saloon. I laid down ten cents, asked for whiskey and took about four fingers. Then I went to the door and looked for a car. There was none in sight. In five minutes I went up for another drink. This time I laid down a quarter and took about the same size drink as before. The bartender handed me ten cents change.

"Say, how about this?" I inquired. "I took the same as I did before."

"Yes," said the bartender. "I noticed it. That's the answer."

One of the big ocean liners was being made fast to her pier the other afternoon. Impatient friends on the pier were signalling and shouting bits of news to equally impatient friends on deck. Among the announcements was this, hurried from the lips of a small girl in a very large velvet hat:

"Oh, mamma, we've had the greatest time this morning."

"Something, perhaps the restraining gesture of the long suffering governess—made the mother, who leaned against the deck railing, raise her hand in warning to her daughter."

"Never mind, dear," she shouted back; "tell me later!"

She formed a megaphone with her small gloved hands and fairly shrieked:

"Can't wait! The cat had four kittens this morning and James says he's going to drown 'em. Can't we telephone him to save 'em till we get home—please!"

The embarrassed mother made a feeble attempt and the small girl darted toward the public telephone station.

"Stained glass windows make splendid targets for small boys," said the stained glass artist, G. C. Chimes. "When I made the windows in the St. Vincent Hospital I said to Mr. Myers, who donated them, 'You'd better let me order wire netting for these. The boys will get at them.'"

"Oh, no," said he, "they are perfectly safe. They are on the fifth floor. We won't need any netting."

"In three days he sent a hurry call to me to rush on the wire netting. The windows were on the fifth floor all right enough, but the small boys had caught sight of them."

"The longer I live in this town of ours," said an old resident, "the more I am convinced of one political principle. For instance, I take breakfast in a Greek restaurant, an Italian banker shaves me, a Russian furnishes my newspapers, I patronize French dress makers, and I am surrounded by a German motorman and an Irish conductor and my dealings with Jews are too numerous to mention. It seems to me that the only safe political principle is to be a Jew."

"How do you like your new barber?" asked an upper West Side woman of her neighbor.

"He is not a barber, my dear, he's a scamp, when it comes to cutting hair; he also shaves at cut rates."

A new slang phrase for a sentinel was sprung on the Magistrate of one of the police courts yesterday. Two boys were charged with having stolen coal from railroad trains, and one of the boys declared he had taken it from the coal. He said he had merely acted as the "Chickney" while the other boy pilfered.

The display of Navajo rugs at the Sportsman's Show has attracted a great deal of attention, the variety offered being large and the prices reasonable.

To a prospective purchaser one of the Indians was explaining the meanings of the designs woven into the rugs. The basket weaver said that the designs were of the Navajo people. Presently he put down a rug with crosses woven in it. The visitor inquired what was the significance of a cross in an Indian basket.

"All I can tell you is that it's a cross," said the Indian. Then he added, "and if the cross is a sign of Christianity, then I can assure you it was known to the Indians for centuries before the white man ever saw America."

AN ERROR IN BAGPIPING.

Biggy Donovan Finds an Old Time Galway Man Who Talks Old Yiddish.

Jim Donovan, better known as "Biggy" Donovan, of Bowery fame, who owns the saloon on the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, is having his effect on the city.

"I have to see you at church to-morrow," Mr. Donovan said to a friend. "I was not my fault, when the head of the dog in the next meeting of the club."

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COUNT, POLLY, JIP AND BESS.

MENAGERIE REPULSED BY THE CAR OF A TROLLEY CAR.

Signor Iacuzzo Halls in the Mud, the Parrot Flies Away, the Monkey Hunts an Electric Light Pole; Only the Cat Is Fatigued—The Count Was Just Moving.

A little man with a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache, a silk hat, a frock coat, patent leather shoes and liver colored spats, went into the West Forty-seventh street police station at 8 o'clock last night. On one arm he carried a large brass cage containing a parrot, on the other a wicker basket covered with a red cloth. Through a hole in the cloth was visible a cat's head, while on the handle of the basket sat a monkey. The monkey had a red ribbon around its neck fastened to the little man's hand. The little man was badly dazed.

The little man was perspiring; his coat tails were crumpled and dusty.

"Il Conte Antonio Iacuzzo," said he to Serg. Fahey.

The sergeant responded affably, asking him what was the matter. The Count tried hard to tell the sergeant, talking very fast and pointing at the monkey, the parrot, the cat and the coat tails. The sergeant said he couldn't understand. The Count shook his head excitedly and wrung his hands. The cat mewed, the parrot laughed and Serg. Fahey sent out for a bootblack. The bootblack acted as an interpreter.

The Count wanted very much to know what he could do to make it understood for a certain trolley car conductor on the Broadway line. What had the conductor done to him? What? Why, look at the parrot cage, the dense in the hand of the parrot herself, her feathers matted and two of the most exquisite red ones gone altogether from her tail; look, too, at the hole in the cloth on the basket handle. The Count said he was very much distressed.

It happened in Broadway near Fifth street about 7 o'clock. There were a lot of people in the car and many others on the street. They all saw the Count fall. It was humiliating. He had the hand of the parrot cage, the dense in the hand of the parrot herself, her feathers matted and two of the most exquisite red ones gone altogether from her tail; look, too, at the hole in the cloth on the basket handle. The Count said he was very much distressed.

And he was just stepping on the car when the conductor stepped out at the door, and looking at him rudely, placed a hand forcefully upon his shoulder. The Count, of course, had no way of protecting himself. He was being fully and completely taken back down in the dirty roadway. The parrot cage hit the car wheel, and Polly flew across the street. Jip, who was sitting on the Count's lap, started for Polly first, jip made for an electric light pole. Polly flew to the gable of the subway car.

The people on the street, who were kind, good people, although they did laugh, got a stroller and caught Polly, and Jip came down from the car. The conductor of the trolley car, he didn't stop the parrot. Could the sergeant have him arrested?

You will have to get the number of the car and bring the conductor to the station, said Serg. Fahey.

The Count, carrying Polly and Bess and leading the monkey, left the station house to look for the conductor.

The Count told the bootblack that his home was in Naples, but that he had been in this country for some time.

SAYS HE STOLE JEWELS HERE.

James Cooper Gives Himself Up for a Flat Robbery in This City.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12.—A stole jewelry valued at \$500 in New York more than three years ago. I wish to surrender myself.

With this statement a well dressed man walked into detective headquarters to-day.

He said his name was James Cooper and he had recently been traveling for the Mutual Security Company of New York, Conn. under the name of Joseph Folvy.

He said that on Jan. 13, 1902, while he had a flat at either 637 or 639 East 175th street, New York, he had been robbed. He had stolen three diamond rings and a diamond earring from the flat over his head, which was occupied by a family named Boerlin.

"As soon as I took the jewelry," he said, "I pawned it and started West on the first train. I was in great fear of arrest. I was worried by the fact that the jewelry was in my pocket and I was afraid to go back and replace them, lest I should be sent to jail. I had a horror of jail then, but now I shall be glad to go to one with a free conscience."

"My family is a good one, but, thank God, my father and mother are dead, so that they can't know of my disgrace."

LAST OF COINERS GANG.

Martin's Arrest, Flynn Says, Will Put Holden Crowd Out of Business.

With the arrest of George Martin of 323 East Seventy-fourth street, late on Saturday night, Secret Service Agent Flynn believes he has completely put out of business the famous Skinny Holden gang of counterfeiters.

Chief Flynn would not say yesterday whether or not Annie Dougherty and Pete Woods, whom he had arrested in Astoria last Friday, informed against Martin, but he did say that Martin was a wholesale dealer in the coin business and by the Dougherty-Woods factory at 333 Mill street, Astoria.

Martin, according to Flynn, used to get \$50 or \$100 worth of coin at Astoria, bring it to Manhattan and dispose of it by the "shovers" in whom he placed trust. Martin, according to Flynn, used to get \$50 or \$100 worth of coin at Astoria, bring it to Manhattan and dispose of it by the "shovers" in whom he placed trust.

The prisoner was locked up in the Church street station and to-day will be arraigned before Commissioner Sullivan.

THEFT OF \$1008.

Man Accused of It Arrested on His Return From a Trip West.

Edward Ross, aged 35, who said he lived at 135 East Twenty-fifth street, Manhattan, was locked up yesterday afternoon in the City street police station by the Dougherty-Woods factory at 333 Mill street, Astoria.

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A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Begin with Bruce, the clever amateur detective, and match your wits against the old Scotland Yard expert.

The clues will be given to you "hot," so that you can work out this mystery just as fast as did Gordon Holmes's brainy pair.

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